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venile, but affecting, manifestation of filial piety, chided him sharply for interrupting the business; but he of the hammer avenged such sacred sorrow violated so grossly.

"Surely, madam," said he, addressing her emphatically, "this lover's toy ill suits a lady of your venerable years."

"And I am sorry to find, Miss," subjoined an old gentleman, who appeared to be an acquaintance, "that while compassion melts all others, cupidity seizes on you, overcomes your discretion, and gives to your heart a coldness which would preserve a snow-ball undissolved in the bowels of Vesuvius."

"Three guineas for the locket," resumed the auctioneer.

"Give it to poor papa," cried William.

"I am obliged to sell it, my boy," was the reply.

"Then I shall buy it for him," answered the youth, thrusting his hands into his pockets. They were empty. He stood motionless, his eyes fixed on the floor. The consciousness of poverty confounded him: he looked bewildered, and he wept.

Murmurs of pity and of admiration spread round the room. Hearts filled, and not a few testified their feelings by their tears. To purchase the trinket and restore it became the desire of many, and the lad was consoled by this announcement. Accordingly a brisk contest commenced, which soon brought the bidding to fifteen pounds. "Fifteen pounds, the last time," repeated the auctioneer, and the fatal hammer was descending, when arrested midway by the sob of a young lady, who imperfectly articulated, "Twenty." No further opposition was expected; but Colonel Ellison, who had been an attentive and compassionating observer, was now kindled into enthusiasm by the magnanimity of the young lady, and to their utter astonishment cried out, "Thirty pounds; and would I had such children!" The lady turned round to gratify herself with a view of her generous victor. Fanny beheld her father. How tender the endearments of such a meeting! What a moment of rapture! He never thought of asking her how she came to be in London.

The surprise which prevailed was equalled by the admiration of the delicate and generous sentiments evinced so remarkably. The disposing knock was rapidly given, and the official declared the sheriffs were satisfied. Miss Ellison presented the prize to William, and asked him for his papa. He showed them up stairs.

Fanny introduced the colonel, and after offering a few brief words of condolence, detailed the circumstances which preserved to him the precious relic. She expressed her regret that the difficulty of obtaining money hindered her from coming earlier, and saving some other fond memorials. After restoring a little order and comfort to the house, they departed.

#### PROFUNDITY.

The temptation to be profound is very great, and it requires a strong mind, or an honest heart, to resist it. Nobody likes to be thought shallow, so they who cannot make manifest how deep they are, take especial good care to conceal their shallowness. Now there is nothing so well calculated to disguise shallowness as mud; but the mud must be stirred up, and kept in a fermentation for the purpose. For aught that the eye can discern to the contrary, a puddle by the road side formed by an hour's rain, may be as deep as the Atlantic Ocean. The temptation to an assumption of profundity, is altogether very natural and easy to be accounted for, seeing that it is an easy and compendious mode of acquiring a reputation; and that a reputation once so acquired is perfectly safe, inasmuch as no one can by any possibility detect or expose the cheat.

There are profound talkers as well as profound writers, and your profound talkers have the best of it, for it is impossible to find them out. What is written and printed, may be read over again, canvassed, sifted, and examined; but that which is said, vanishes, evaporates, is gone, leaving not a single idea in the mind of the hearer. A profound talker will tell you, that he can think, and that he can talk, but that he cannot write. Very true,

because he has nothing to write about; and the nothing is not so readily detected in talking, and in thinking, as it is in writing. Writing is a substance that you may take by the nose and bring to a confession; but talking is a mere ghost, a flitting shadow—which is here, there, everywhere, and nowhere. You try to catch it, but you get only a handful of air. Profound talking has the advantage over profound writing, because in talking you may select your audience, and take care that no profane anti-mysticalist shall question your oracles. When you write profundities and give them to the world, you don't know who may get hold of them and condense your ocean of froth into a thimbleful of slop. The shallower a man is, the more intensely he admires profundity; he who understands nothing, understands all things equally well; and when a man fears lest his ignorance should be detected on subjects which everybody understands, his best resource is to plunge into profundities, and then, when he is completely out of sight, he is quite safe. Thus have I known ambitious simpletons who, not having capacity for Greek or Latin, or other detectable studies, have betaken themselves to the insupportabilities of orientalism, and have looked marvellously wise in Arabic, Sanscrit, Bengalee, and all that sort of thing. So again those whose understandings have not been strong enough to bear them safely over the *Pons asinorum* in Euclid's Elements, have cut a very pretty figure in gabbling and prating about transcendentalism. I know a very ingenious gentleman, who has never read a line of Newton's Principia, and knows about as much of mathematics, as Mr. Bellenden Ker of Dutch, who is perpetually propounding new theories of the universe, new doctrines of the motion, quality, and use of the planets, and new notions of the comets. In proposing these theories, and in starting these profundities, he, for the most part, keeps clear of mathematicians, seeing that in his mystic and twilight flights, their demonstrations have sometimes knocked him down, as boys knock down bats by throwing their hats at them. Surely the flights of profundity may be not inaptly compared to the flitting movements of these ambiguous animals; they are a kind of something—nothing; seen—but not seen; quick—but not progressive; a sort of black lightning; a shadow that has no substance; you never see where they come from, nor where they go to, nor what they come for. They are animal comets—in the system, but not of it. But the safest profundity of all is profound thinking: write profoundly, and everybody may find you out; talk profoundly, and somebody may find you out; but think profoundly, and nobody can find you out. It may be asked, how is it to be known that you think profoundly, unless you make known your thoughts by talking or writing? Easily enough; shake your head as Lord Burleigh does in *The Critic*. You will be astonished after a few of these "ambiguous givings out," with what ease you have obtained the reputation of being a profound thinker.—*Athenæum*.

#### STANZAS.

They tell of a flower that sleeps all the day,  
But shines in its beauty at night;  
And when its companions are blooming and gay  
That lonely one hides from the sight.

But some through the garden pass heedlessly on,  
And deem it a weed of the bower;  
When those of the day to their slumbers are gone,  
The fragrance comes forth from that flower.

Thus some who, when life is all sunny and bright,  
Like the flowers that shine with the ray,  
Come forth with our day-beams, but shrink from our  
night,  
And when sorrow appears, glide away.

But others, when sadness is over the heart,  
Which struggles in vain with its power,  
Their fragrance around us then kindly impart,  
And soothe, if not gladden, the hour.